

For I did play a lamentable part.

(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning  
For *Theseus* periury, and vnjust flight;  
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:  
That my poore Mistis moued therewithall,  
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

*Sil.* She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)  
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;

I weepe my selfe to thinke ypon thy words:  
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this (well.  
For thy sweet Mistis sake, because thou lou'dst her. Fare-

*Int.* And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know  
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.

I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects my Mistis loue so much.

Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:  
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke

If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine  
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;

And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,  
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.

Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;  
If that be all the difference in his loue,

Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:  
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:

I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:  
What should it be that he respects in her,

But I can make respectiue in my selfe?  
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.

Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,  
For 'tis thy riual: O thou senselesse forme,

Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;  
My substance should be statue in thy stead.

Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Mistis sake  
That vs'd me so: or else by *loue*, I vow,

I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,  
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Eglamour, Siluia.*

*Egl.* The Sun begins to guild the western skie,  
And now it is about the very houre

That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrick's* Cell should meet me,  
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,

Vnlesse it be to come before their time,  
So much they spur their expedition.

See where she comes: Lady a happy euening!  
*Sil.* Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)

Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;  
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

*Egl.* Feare not: the Forreft is not three leagues off,  
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Thurio, Proteus, Iulia, Duke.*

*Th.* Sir *Proteus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suite?

*Pro.* Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Th.* What? that my leg is too long?  
*Pro.* No, that it is too little. (det.

*Th.* Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat round.  
*Pro.* But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes,

*Th.* What saies she to my face?  
*Pro.* She saies it is a faire one.

*Th.* Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.  
*Pro.* But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,

Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.  
*Th.* 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.  
*Th.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talke of war.  
*Th.* But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

*Int.* But better indeede, when you hold you peace.  
*Th.* What saies she to my valour?

*Pro.* Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.  
*Int.* She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize,

*Th.* What saies she to my birth?  
*Pro.* That you are well deri'd.

*Int.* True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.  
*Th.* Considers she my Possessions?

*Pro.* Oh, I: and pitties them.  
*Th.* Wherefore?

*Int.* That such an Ass should owe them.  
*Pro.* That they are out by Lease.

*Int.* Here comes the Duke.  
*Du.* How now sir *Proteus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?  
*Th.* Not I.

*Pro.* Not I.  
*Du.* Saw you my daughter?

*Pro.* Neither.  
*Du.* Why then

She's fled vnto that pezzant, *Valentine*;  
And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Fryer *Lawrence* met them both  
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreft:

Him he knew well: and guerd that it was she,  
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession  
At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;  
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me  
Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:  
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

*Th.* Why this it is, to be a peeuish Gidle,  
That flies her fortune when it followes her:

Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,  
Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* loue  
Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

*Int.* And I will follow, more to crosse that loue  
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Silvia, On-laves.*

*1. Out.* Come, come be patient: my Iane won't

We

We must bring you to our Capitaine.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances then this one  
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

*2. Out.* Come, bring her away.  
*1. Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

*3. Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.  
But *Moyser* and *Valerius* follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,  
There is our Capitaine: We'll follow him that's fled,

The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.  
*1. Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.

Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,  
And will not vse a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Proteus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,*  
*On-laves.*

*Val.* How vse doth breed a habit in a man?  
This shadowy desert, vnfrequented woods

I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:  
Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,

And to the Nightingales complaining Notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,

Left growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leaue no memory of what it was,

Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:  
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.

What hallowing, and what fir is this to day?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,

Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;  
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe

To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.  
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

*Pro.* Madam, this seruice I haue done for you  
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)

To hazard life, and reskew you from him,  
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,

Vouchsafe me for my need, but one faire looke:  
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,

And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)  
*Val.* How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:

Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.  
*Sil.* O miserable, vnhappy that I am,

*Pro.* Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:  
But by my coming, I haue made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.  
*Int.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

*Sil.* Had I bene ceazed by a hungry Lion,  
I would haue bene a break-fast to the Beast,

Rather then haue false *Proteus* reskue me:  
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,  
And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I doe detest false periur'd *Proteus*:  
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death  
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:

Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

*Sil.* When *Proteus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:  
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)

For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,

Descended into periury, to loue me,  
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,

And that's farre worse then none: better haue none  
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:

Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.  
*Pro.* In Loue,

Who respects friend?  
*Sil.* All men but *Proteus*.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words  
Can no way change you to a milder forme;

Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,  
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.

*Sil.* Oh heauen,  
*Pro.* Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.

*Val.* Russian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,  
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

*Pro.* *Valentine*.  
*Val.* Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,

For such is a friend now: treacherous man,  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say  
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:

Who should be trusted, when ones right hand  
Is periured to the bosome? *Proteus*

I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:

The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confounds me:  
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,  
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,

As ere I did commit.  
*Val.* Then I am paid:

And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;  
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:  
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:

And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,  
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.

*Int.* Oh me vnhappy.  
*Pro.* Looke to the Boy.

*Val.* Why, Boy?  
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.

*Int.* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring  
to Madam *Silvia*: w (out of my neglect) was neuer done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring? boy?  
*Int.* Heere 'tis: this is it.

*Pro.* How? let me see.  
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.

*Int.* Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:  
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart  
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

*Int.* And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,  
And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How? *Iulia*?  
*Int.* Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.  
How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?

Oh *Proteus*, let this habit make thee blush.  
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